

*Wm. B. Dickinson*

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## BIOGRAPHICAL.

William Pinkney.

Original.

WILLIAM PINKNEY was a native of Maryland, and was born at Annapolis on the 17th March, 1764. His father was a native of England, and, adhering to the royal cause in the revolution, was obliged to quit the country. The son pursued his classical studies under a private teacher; the course of instruction at public Seminaries being interrupted by the turbulence of the times. Young Pinkney turned his attention to the study of medicine, but, disliking the profession, soon relinquished the design. It was at this period that he attracted, by the force of his logic, and his eloquence, the favorable notice of the late Judge Chase. He immediately commenced the study of the law with that learned man, who continued for many years, his benefactor and friend. He commenced the study of this profession in February, 1783, and was admitted to practice in 1786. He, the same year, removed to Harford Co., and was soon known as an excellent lawyer. He was particularly skilled in special pleading, and in the law of real property; his eloquence was natural; his logic sound; and his voice, instead of the vehemence, which afterwards characterized it, was calm and melodious. With such qualities, it was not long before he was placed by his fellow citizens in public life. He was chosen to the convention which met in April, 1788, to revise the constitution, and was the same year elected to the House of Delegates. He continued to represent the county of Harford till 1792, when, wishing to enlarge his sphere of action, he returned to Annapolis, his native city.

In 1789, he married, at Havre-de-grace, Ann Maria, daughter of John Rodgers, Esq. of that place, and sister of Commodore Rodgers. In 1790, he was elected to Congress; but his election was contested in the House of Delegates on the ground that he did not reside in the district from which he was elected. He himself made a powerful speech in favor of his claim, and after obtaining a decision in his favor, declined the appointment, on account of the situation of his private affairs. In 1788, the first session to which he was elected, he spoke most eloquently and feelingly against the law, prohibiting the voluntary emancipation of slaves by their masters; and again spoke on the same subject at the next session. In the remarks which he made on both these occasions, he developed precisely the same views and opinions which are advocated by the modern abolitionists.

In 1792, he was elected to the council of the state and was continued in that responsible station till Nov. 1795, when, although



President of the board, he saw fit to resign. During this period he had risen to the head of the profession in the city and county where he practised, and was engaged in very lucrative business.

In 1796, he was appointed by President Washington, commissioner of the United States under the 7th article of Jay's treaty, and embarked for London with his family in July. His colleague was the late Gov. Gore of Mass; the English commissioners were Drs. Swabey and Nicoll. They chose by lot a fifth; Col. John Trumbull, the celebrated painter, then resident in London.—Pinkney was qualified by the Lord Mayor on the 26th Aug. and was presented to the king in October. On all the many intricate and interesting questions, which came before the board for examination, he gave written and elaborate opinions, which were models of judicial eloquence, sound argument, and elegance of diction. The business of this commission, it is well known, was stopped by the difficulties which arose amongst the commissioners in the prosecution of their duties.

During his residence in England, Mr. Pinkney was engaged also in the vindication of the claim of Maryland, to stock invested in the Bank of England by that state, prior to the Revolution, and which had become involved in a complicated litigation. He extricated the claim from the load of incumbrances which had been placed upon it; had it adjudged to the crown, by whom the balance, after the payment of the liens upon it, was paid to the state of Maryland. The legislature of Maryland voted their thanks to Mr. Pinkney for the services which he had rendered in bringing about this decision.

Whilst in England, attending to the claims of his native country and state, his private affairs were suffering from his absence.—The expense of living in the style demanded by his situation was great; and his desire to return on this account was increased by his

anxiety to recommence the practice of his profession. He constantly, in his letters, declared his desire of entering upon the practice for the emoluments of the profession, and not for the honors of office. He deplored the violence of party spirit, which then distracted our country, but as a matter of policy, preferred Jefferson to Burr for the presidency. Whilst in London, he applied himself with great zeal to the study of the law, and to perfection in the art of elocution. He attended the debates in Parliament, and made himself acquainted with the style and manner of all the great masters of eloquence, then in that body. He applied himself, with peculiar perseverance, to the study of the powers, compass and variations of the English language, and laid the foundation for that precision of expression and elegance of diction, which afterwards characterized his manner of speaking.

In 1804, he returned to America, and entered with zeal upon the practice of his profession. He fixed himself at Baltimore, and attended the sessions of the Supreme Court at Washington. In Dec. 1805, he was appointed Attorney General of the state. About this time, he was conspicuous in his opposition to the commercial restrictions of Britain, their pretended right of searching neutral vessels, &c. In 1806, he drew up an excellent memorial on this subject, sent to Congress by the merchants of Baltimore.

In 1805, on the 10th of May, he was appointed, together with James Monroe, by and with the advice of the Senate, Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, and embarked the same month. His connections and friends of the federal party, and, amongst them, Judge Chase, were displeased at his acceptance of the appointment, and reports were circulated that he had pledged himself to support the measures of Jefferson. In a letter to a friend, he indignantly repelled the idea of the existence of any pledge to support the measures of any man, except as they agreed with his own views. Mr. P. applied himself with zeal to the service of his country. In conjunction with his colleague, he negotiated a commercial treaty with Great Britain, which was rejected by Jefferson, because it contained no provision for impressment. Monroe returned home in 1808, and left Pinkney sole envoy. His commission as such was renewed on the 26th Feb. 1808. He remained three years longer in England, and having in vain, endeavored to affect pacific accommodations, earnestly recommended, in his despatches, a recourse to arms, as the only means of preserving national honor. Having no hopes of serving his country by remaining any longer in this capacity, he earnestly solicited a recall in Nov. 1810. Whilst in England, his unremitting efforts in the prosecution of his embassy had injured his health,



and the inadequacy of his salary to the support of his family, almost ruined him in a pecuniary point of view.

He arrived at Annapolis in June 1811, and again applied himself to the practice of the law, to retrieve his fallen fortunes. In September of the same year, he was elected to the Senate of his native state, and in December he was appointed by President Madison, Attorney General of the United States. This appointment was confirmed on the 11th, and he immediately entered upon the duties of his office. He was of great service to his country in establishing a system of public law, in relation to questions arising out of captures and prizes made on the high seas, hitherto unknown in this country. He took a warm part in the political questions which then agitated the country. Having had, at the court of St. James, an opportunity to understand the system and measures adopted by that government not enjoyed by his federal friends, he differed from them in his views as to the manner of seeking redress. He was in favor of the declaration of war, and in 1813, wrote a pamphlet, signed Publius, to the citizens of Maryland, advocating the measures of government. In June, 1814, a bill having been introduced in Congress, requiring the Attorney General to hold his residence at the seat of government, Mr. Pinkney resigned the office, it being out of his power to comply with the requisitions of the act. After the peace, the citizens of Baltimore addressed a powerful paper to President Madison in approbation of the measures which he had pursued throughout the great contest in which the country had been engaged. This instrument was drawn up by Mr. Pinkney.

Soon after the declaration of war, Mr. P. was elected major of a volunteer corps which was raised for the defence of Baltimore, and which was attached as a battalion of riflemen to the third brigade of Baltimore militia. When the British made their attack upon Washington, he marched at the head of his corps, and met the enemy at Bladensburg. He participated in the battle at that place; fought bravely and was severely wounded. After peace was declared, he resigned his commission, having taken an important part in the war, both in the cabinet and the field. In 1815, he was chosen a Representative in Congress from Baltimore, and took his seat in that body. A convention between the United States and Great Britain, taking off the discriminating duties, Mr. P. spoke long and eloquently against making the necessary provisions to carry it into effect. In 1816, he was engaged in several important causes at the bar of the Supreme Court. His health was much impaired by his severe labors and he gladly accepted the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia, and special minister to Naples.

He was confirmed in this appointment by the senate on the 26th of April, embarked on board the Washington, and landed at Naples on the 26th of July, 1816. His object was to obtain remuneration for the losses suffered by our citizens in 1809 from that kingdom, then under Murat, by seizures and

confiscations. Failing in effecting this object, the government of Naples utterly refusing to recognize these claims, he left that kingdom, and proceeded in October, through Rome and Vienna to Russia. There he remained two years, living privately and economically, and devoting a great part of his time to study. In 1818, he returned home, and soon after, made a powerful speech against the power of a state to tax the U. S. Bank; a claim advanced by his native state.

In 1819, on the 21st of Dec. he was elected by the legislature of Maryland to the Senate of the U. S. to succeed Hon. A. C. Hanson, who had died. He took his seat on the 4th Jan. 1820, and, on the 15th of February, delivered an elaborate speech on the question which then agitated the Union, the proposed law to prohibit the new state of Missouri from holding slaves. He was against the proposed provision. The Senate and House came to an agreement by a compromise effected by a conference of the two houses, of which, Mr. P. was a member. He was the author of the Report of this conference committee.

The term for which he was elected, expiring on the third of March 1821, he was re-elected in December following for a full term of six years. In Feb. 1822, he spoke both in the Senate and in the Supreme Court. Having made a great effort in the trial of a certain cause before this latter tribunal, he was taken suddenly very ill on the 15th of February, and continued for a few days in a state of delirium, his disease gradually assuming a more serious aspect, till his death, which took place on the 25th of Feb. 1822. He had nearly completed his fifty-ninth year.

So sudden a death, and of so celebrated a character spread the greatest gloom over the country. Resolutions were every where passed, expressive of the grief of the country at such a melancholy event.

Mr. Pinkney was emphatically a hard student, and owed his distinction and his posthumous fame more to unwearyed perseverance, than the gifts of nature, of which he never received an extraordinary share. Whenever he was engaged in a suit of law, although it might be a case of the smallest importance, he gave up all other pursuits to acquire a full preparation, consulting every authority which might be of use, and writing out beforehand all the points in the case. His exact acquaintance with the English language, its best models, signification, synonyms, grammar, pronunciation, &c. has been before alluded to, and it was this that imparted a peculiar charm to his style of eloquence. In personal appearance, Mr. P. was of handsome form, and possessed almost elegance of deportment. He had acquired during his residence in Europe, a precision in the arrangement and choice of habiliments, and a neatness and propriety of apparel, little practised by his countrymen.

#### Culture of Silk. No. 4.

Original.

The climate of this State is favorable to silk; if any part deserves a preference, the

interior has it. The silk produced in temperate regions is stronger than that raised in warm countries; extreme continued heat renders the worm languid, his product is of course feeble; a moist atmosphere is also unfavorable. In England they do not raise worms, except a few in the interior: continued damp weather is fatal to them; reeled or, what is the same thing, raw silk is imported for English looms. As a good rule, wherever the apple tree grows, the mulberry will grow and where the mulberry flourishes the worm may be fed. We cannot have too many leaves. The French have been engaged in silk culture two hundred and fifty years and cannot supply their own looms; they import four million dollars worth of raw silk annually for their factories. In Europe the reeled silk is taken to the loom, manufactured into laces, velvets and other articles; with us, the reeled silk is made into sewing silk and of course stronger than the imported, but not so beautiful. The imported silk is made of imperfect cocoons, of those pierced by the miller (when reserved for eggs) and the floss, all nicely spun by machinery; it is oiled to make it glossy, and rubbed with lead to make it heavy. People accustomed to imposition think they are ill treated, if it is not continued; we shall probably be obliged to adopt the trick of the trade and use oil and lead to suit the market.

#### A Married Man's Revertie.

By John Inman.

What a blockhead my brother Tom is, not to marry; or rather, perhaps, I should say, what a blockhead he was not to marry some twenty-five years ago, for I suppose he'd hardly get any decent sort of a body to take him, as old as he is now. Poor fellow! what a forlorn desolate kind of a life he leads; no wife to take care of him—no children to love him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and comfortable in his arrangements at home—nice sociable dinners—pleasant faces at breakfast—By the way, what the deuce is the reason my breakfast does not come up? I've been waiting for it this half hour. Oh, I forgot; my wife sent the cook to market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold. She coddles that boy to death. But, after all, I ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that came quite convenient, and I suppose my young ones will have all he's worth when he dies, poor fellow! They'll want it, I'm afraid; for although my business does very well, this housekeeping eats up the profits, with such a large family as mine. Let me see; how many mouths have I to feed every day? There's my wife and her two sister's—that's three; and the four boys—seven; and Lucy and Sarah and Jane, and Louisa, four more—eleven; then there's the cook, and the house-maid, and the boy—fourteen; and the woman that comes every day to wash and do odd jobs about the house—fifteen; then there's the nursery-maid—sixteen; surely there must be another—I'm sure I made it out seventeen when



I was reckoning up last Sunday morning at church; there must be another somewhere; let me see again; wife, wife's sisters, boys, girls—oh it's myself! Faith, I have so many to think of and provide for, that I forget myself half the time. Yes, that makes it—seventeen. Seventeen people to feed every day is no joke! and somehow or other they all have most furious appetites; but, then, bless their hearts, it's pleasant to see them eat. What a havoc they do make with the buckwheat-cakes of a morning, to be sure! Now poor Tom knows nothing of all this.—There he lives all alone by himself in a boarding-house, with nobody near him that cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies. No affectionate wife to nurse him and coddle him up when he's sick; no little prattlers about him to keep him in a good humour—no dawning intellects, whose development he can amuse himself with watching day after day—nobody to study his wishes, and keep all his comforts ready. Confound it, has'nt that woman got back from the market yet? I feel remarkably hungry. I don't mind the boy's being coddled and messed if my wife likes it, but there's no joke in having the breakfast kept back for an hour. Oh, by the way, I must remember to buy all those things for the children to-day; Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made out a list of the presents she means to put in their stockings. More expense—and their school-bills coming in too; I remember before I was married I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of amusement. I wonder how old my young Tom is; let me see, when does his birthday come? next month, as I'm a Christian, and then he will be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men, now-a-days, and Tom is quite of that mind, I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite feet but Wellington boots, at seven dollars a pair; and his mother has been throwing out hints for some time, as to the propriety of getting a watch for him—gold, of course. Silver was quite good enough for me when I was half a score years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then, I believe in my soul, the young villain has learned to play billiards; and three or four times lately when he has come in, late at night, his clothes seemed to be strongly perfumed with cigar smoke. Heighho! Fathers have many troubles, and I can't help thinking sometimes that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillows at night with no cares on their minds to keep them awake; and, when they have once got asleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire, can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two, with a squalling young varlet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It's an astonishing thing to perceive what a passion our little Louisa exhibits for crying; so sure as the clock strikes three she begins, and there's no getting her quiet again

until she has fairly exhausted the strength of her lungs with good, straight-forward screaming. I can't for the life of me understand why the young villains don't get through all their squalling and roaring in the day-time, when I am out of the way.—Then again what a delightful pleasure it is to be routed out of one's first nap, and sent off post-haste for the doctor, as I was on Monday night, when my wife thought Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me half out of my wits with her lamentations and fidgets. By the way, there's the doctor's bill to be paid soon; his collector always pays me a visit just before Christmas.—Brother Tom has no doctors to fee, and that certainly is a great comfort. Bless my soul, how the time slips away! Past nine o'clock and no breakfast yet—wife messing with Dick, and getting the three girls and their two brothers ready for school. Nobody thinks of me, starving here all this time.—What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder? that young rascal Tom has carried it off, I dare say, to read in the school, when he ought to be poring over his books. He's a great torment that boy.—But no matter; there's a great deal of pleasure in married life, and if some vexations and troubles do come with its delights, grumbling won't take them away; nevertheless, brother Tom, I'm not very certain but that you have done quite as wisely as I, after all.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

#### Picture of a New-England Family.

By Rev. James Flint.

Let the time be a winter evening, the scene be the country in the midst of a storm, when the falling columns of snow are rushing impetuously from the north,—when the careering winds let loose from the polar regions, howl mournfully abroad, and sigh through every listed door and chasm that will admit their breath; at a time like this, and in a scene so dreary and desolate and tumultuous without, let us look into the decent dwelling of the husbandman or mechanic whose circumstances are neither above or below the golden mean of New England competence. However gloomy the storm may rage without, the fire blazes cheerfully within. Industry, with a prudent forethought, has collected and secured her various stores, and has not been sharing of her toils.

There is enough, and to spare, laid up to gladden the hearts of the family group with a sense of plenty and warmth within, in contrast with the cold sterility and desolation that reigns without. Indeed all the light and genial warmth and comfort within are doubly enhanced by contrast with the cheerless and dismal aspect of things abroad.—

The father, whose nerves are braced with honest industry and toil, whose robust frame and clear eye bear unequivocal marks of temperance and inward peace, can look around with a contented and glad heart, upon the smiling circle, the wife of his youth, the mother of his children, engaged in useful occupation or innocent pastime, with her

children about her the while listening to the passing news from abroad, to an instructive book, or to the tale of other times, or to the narrative of the traveller, perhaps, of things and sights most marvellously strange. He is sole monarch of this little blissful empire. All his subjects love each other. Ambition has infused no storm into their tranquil bosoms. False pride or shame has never made them sigh for costly pleasures. Ill nature, scowling discontent, sour moroseness, spoils not a single face in the whole group. They heed not the riot and uproar of the storm abroad. All is harmonious and peaceful within. The memory of years and events that are past, is recalled by the father, and his bosom dilates with joy as he recounts, while the countenances of his children brighten with the glow of patriotic sympathy as they listen to the history of the times that tried men's souls, of the heroic sacrifices and achievements of the asserters and defenders of our independence, of the battles they fought, the privations they endured, the virtues they displayed, that they might live and die free, and leave their children to call their lands and their pleasant homes their own without a master. Behold the scene! It is the sole surviving trace of a paradise on earth, unspoiled by the perverted tastes and distempered cravings of artificial life, or the costly inventions of pride and luxury. And when, having duly invoked and thanked the Author of all their mercies, they retire to rest, it is as sweet, as tranquil and profound, as is the sleep of infants empty of all thought. Who will not say 'peace be with-in this house.' 'The secret of the Lord remain upon it;' and may he 'give his angels charge' to watch over it. And when its blameless and happy tenants are summoned away from this asylum of their purest joys, affections and virtues on earth, may it be to a tearless and deathless mansion in their Father's house in Heaven.

#### The Beautiful Fate.

Original.

I saw her in the hall of mirth  
Where eyes were flashing bright,  
Her beauty sparkled through the dance,  
Like meteor in the night.  
Surrounding swains adored the nymph,  
Her every motion praised—  
For 'mid the fairest of the fair,  
Her charms effulgent blazed.  
Her lofty air ne'er spoke of aught  
That claimed celestial birth,  
And though an angel oft she seem'd,  
Alas! she was of earth.

Again I saw her like the moon  
Reflected from the sea,—  
No trace her bending forehead bore  
Of infidelity.  
But oft as did the holy man  
Warn sinners to beware,  
Her serious looks repeated it,  
And sighed to Heaven a prayer.  
O, she was one who erst had sought  
The power of earth to bless,  
Till mild religion spoke—"in heaven  
Alone is happiness." N.

Delille at the *Cadran Bleu*.

Translated from the French.

The recollection of the persons and places that promoted our happiness in the joyous days of youth, is seldom effaced from the mind. We adhere to it closely as does the perfume to the vase from which it has been taken. The more ardent and lively the imagination, the more profound is its impression, the more durable its effects. Thus Delille, in his old age, loved to recount the literary festivals in which he had, in youth, participated; at a time when his genius had been displayed by the sublime productions of his pen.

But of all the parties formed for the purpose of hearing the poet recite his verses, the one to which he recurred with the greatest enthusiasm, was a breakfast given in the year 1780, by a lady equally celebrated for her birth and talents. This assemblage of the most distinguished females and all the literati of the age, took place at the "*Cadran Bleu*" near the ramparts of the temple. It was there, that Delille, for the first time, recited some passages from his poem on the imagination: it was there that he repeated that beautiful episode, in which he describes the fate of an artist, who was lost in the Roman Catacombs; and there too he first excited that impression of deep and general enthusiasm, which ever after followed his literary career. \*

This party never occurred to Delille, unaccompanied with the most delightful associations, while it inspired him with a predilection for the "*Cadran Bleu*," which no other sentiment could efface. Every year, on the return of Spring, he repaired thither with his friends, as he said, to a public dinner. He loved to mingle with the numerous visitors whom he was sure of meeting there, to listen to the various conversations which occasionally reached him, and to analyze the different remarks which were made around him. He delighted there to observe the most opposite extremes of character; the politeness of these, the rudeness of those; the joy of some, the impatience of others; in a word, there was in the sphere of the saloon; a motion a life, an abundance, which captivated the imagination by their amusing variety; and, as he observed, "seemed to restore the health, to calm the nerves and to prepare the mind for opening itself to every innocent enjoyment."

The political disturbances in France soon after compelled Delille to quit his country, and deprived him of his favourite parties. How frequently, during his residence in London, did he regret his dear "*Cadran Bleu*." But as soon as peace was restored to his country, he returned immediately to Paris, and his first public visit was to the place which was associated in his mind with so many delightful recollections. The rapid increase of his fame now rendered it almost impossible for him to appear in public, without being surrounded by a crowd of admirers, whose just and flattering homage shocked the native modesty of the poet: nor

was this the only trial he was obliged to endure; for about this time he had the misfortune of losing his sight. Perhaps no one ever suffered more in being compelled to withdraw from the bustling scenes of life than Delille. He seemed from thence to draw a new source of joy, and fresh inspiration for his muse.

"If I am no longer permitted" said he, one day, "to contemplate the azure vault where I discovered my dithyrambic on the immortality of the soul, if I can no longer enjoy the imposing aspect of nature, I may yet listen to the accents of friendship, I may yet mingle in the society, hear around me the joyful acclamations of this good people, and thus endeavor, for a moment, to forget the infirmities of age. Oh, my friends," continued he, "consent once more before my death, to dine with me at '*Cadran Bleu*.'"

In vain did they represent to him that he would be known, and assailed on all sides by the crowd, and that at his age, it was imprudent to expose himself to the fatigue of appearing in public. He replied to their objections only by repeating in the supplicating voice of a child, "let us once more dine at the '*Cadran Bleu*.'"

How could these reiterated entreaties be resisted? A faithful friend of Delille, whom he always called his Antigone, formed a plan to satisfy the ardent desire of the poet, without exposing him to the danger of mingling in public. Occupying a large and spacious house in the suburb St. Germain, he resolved so to prepare it, that Delille, when there, might suppose his wishes had been executed.

The appointed day arrived, to the great joy of Delille. He was dressed, and seemed to count the hours that must elapse, ere he should mingle with the numerous visitors on the ramparts. At length the carriage arrived, and proceeded to the suburb St. Germain, with his three friends and madam Delille. Several members of the French Academy were already there; men of letters, celebrated artists, and the *elite* of the first theatres in the capital, standing in different groups, to amuse the venerable old man, and induce him to believe himself in the midst of that good people, whose gaiety he so much loved.

As soon as Delille had alighted from the carriage, the porter, who was in the secret, saluted him with the cry, "Do you want any oysters, fresh oysters?" "Certainly, certainly," cried the poet, in the joy of the moment, "I refuse nothing to-day."

He ascended the stair-case, and after having, by the aid of his friend's arm, crossed a vast saloon in which more than sixty persons were assembled, who all appeared engaged in animated conversation, the blind poet called out to his friends; "Oh! this is 'the confusion' the noise that I passionately love; what a feast for me! what a new field of pleasure is yet open to my mind! But give me a seat, boy." He had no sooner pronounced the last words, than one of the first actors on the French Theatre, advanced: "What can I do, sir, to please you."

"Can you procure me a table, with three covers, in a little corner, remote from the

crowd? but place it so that I may hear all which is passing around me in the saloon."

"Here is a place which will suit the gentleman, in the corner, near the chimney."

"That is just what I wished; but tell me your name."

"Paul, the head servant, and ready to receive your orders."

"Well, well, my good Paul, be attentive, and you shall have no cause to repent it."

Bring me the bill of fare, then a bottle of Sauterne; but let it be genuine, for you must know that I am a connoisseur in wine."

"The best that can be found, sir."

They eat the oysters, then follows the first course which Delille had selected from the list his friend had read.

In the meanwhile a kind of dispute arose at the next table: Delille was attentive, but could gather only these words, "priority," "custom," "security." "I see," said the poet, smiling, "that we have courtiers and bankers near us, there must be a rise in the funds this morning."

From another table, was heard the loud talking of three women, whose immoderate laughter led the poet to believe them the wives of rich wood-merchants, from the Isle of Lanviers, who, in the absence of their husbands, were feasting together.

"Oh," cried Delille, "if I were a young man, what pleasure should I experience in provoking those three ladies, and discussing matters for half an hour. I never heard more original observations, nor more diverting remarks."

When the first course was removed, the friend of Delille arose, and said emphatically, "Well, my dear Delille, do you feel at your ease?"

"Do not pronounce my name so loudly, I shall be known, and obliged to retire."

This conversation was scarcely finished, when a member of the Academy came up, and in the dialect of an inhabitant of the port of St. Bernard, cried,

"Ah, what do I hear, you are doubtless the great wine merchant, of Marmouset street?"

"No sir, no, I am not a wine merchant, am I, my dear," said he to madam Delille, with a most gracious smile.

"Do not think of deceiving me," replied his companion, "I know my man; and have not forgotten the good glasses of wine that I have drunk in your shop. As I shall in two hours take the diligence to Auxerre, if you have any commands I will execute them. I am one of the family of Bertz, and who have been commission merchants two hundred years, in a right line from father to son. I am well known in all the counting rooms in France."

"I thank you a thousand times," replied the poet "but have no need of your services."

At length the dessert appeared, and when he had partaken, Delille called for his bill, which instead of enumerating as usual the different meats he had ordered, contained only these simple words: "The honor of receiving in my house the greatest poet of France, is my best, my only reward."

"Henneveu."



"What is this," said the old man rising, "I cannot accept this offer, for I have no title to the generosity of the master of this house."

"No title," replied a person who had acted the part of landlord. "You have claims to the admiration of every Frenchman."

"The honor," said the wife of his friend, who personated Madame Henneveu, "the honor of receiving in our saloon, the author of such noble productions, leaves us still his debtors," and she took his hand and kissed it.

"My dear," said Madame Delille, "you ought not to offend these good people by your refusal."

"Well," replied he, "it is only on condition that Monsieur and Madame Henneveu come in return to dine with me." After compliments had been exchanged on both sides, Delille no longer insisted on paying his bill, yet did not forget the promise made to Paul, and presented him with six francs; then, fearing to be more generally known, he proposed taking coffee at the Turkish Garden. They descended the stairs, and after passing over the same distance, which separates the 'Cadran Bleu' from the Turkish Garden, he was led to a covered terrace. Several actors were there, ready to play their part, and lead him to suppose himself amid the shrubbery of the public garden, which stretches along the ramparts of the Temple.

"Here we may breathe," said the old man; "how I love to inhale the fragrance of the flowers, and the verdure of Spring!"—He took his coffee, declaring it the best mocha he had ever tasted, and he was a connoisseur.

"Oh," said his friend, "I often come here with my family, and I am certain they have given me their best."

"Do these gentlemen take ices?" said a celebrated painter, personating a boy.

"Oh, no," said Madame Delille, "it would not be good for you."

"On the contrary," replied the old man, "it is the most excellent tonic. Boy, what ices have you?"

"You may choose, sir, we have all kinds: vanilla, strawberry, raspberry, citron, and cream a la James Delille."

"How!" exclaimed he, with involuntary emotion, "what do you call cream a la James Delille?"

"A mixture of the rarest and most exquisite fruits; nothing, however costly, is more fashionable; young poets are particularly desirous to obtain it: they say it inspires brilliant ideas. If you will permit me to offer you some, you will find it delicious."

"Be it so," said Delille; and they hastened to execute his order, by simply preparing him anana cream; but the poet declared he had never tasted any more delicate. Soon after, the sound of a harp was heard. "They are two brothers from Languedoc," said Madame Delille, "who frequent the streets of Paris, and collect a crowd around them." At this moment, two young men placed themselves before Delille,

and while one tuned the harp, the other cried in a loud voice:—

"Gentlemen and ladies,—we have the honor of singing before you, the sacred song of St. James; not James the Hermit, nor James of Compostella, nor James the Less, but James the Greater, or in other words, James Delille, at once the Homer and Virgil of French poetry!" The harps vibrated immediately under the fingers of the young artists, who added, in the most harmonious voice, the whole life of the poet, from his infancy at Limanque to his last return to Paris. When they had ceased, Delille seized the arm of his friend:

"Let us go hence, I wish to avoid this public homage, it is more than I can support, and I am sure it is premeditated; you have betrayed me; let us go hence."

"It is too true," replied his friend; "you are not at the temple Rampart."

"What do you say?"

"We have not dined at the 'Cadran Bleu.'"

"What do you mean?"

"You have dined, my dear Delille, with me, in the bosom of my family and friends, —who for six hours have assumed different characters to amuse you."

"It is impossible," cried Delille, "thus to have deceived me; they could not have sustained the varied accents, the volubility, the frank gaiety of the French nation."

"Nothing is more true, however," said he who had personated the wine merchant. "It was I, who supposed you resided in Marmouset street."

"You may remember Paul," said one of the first comedians of the French Theatre, "Paul, the head servant, to whom you gave six francs"—

"And we are the courtiers and bankers who made you believe there was a rise in the stocks this morning"—

"And we," added the wives of these gentlemen, "we are the three gossips of the Isle of Louviers."

"I sung the sacred song of St. James," said he who is now termed 'the modern Orpheus.'

"And I," continued a member of the Academy, "recommended to you the Cream a la James Delille."

At last said the mistress of the house, "I have assumed the character of Madame Henneveu, who would not accept the payment of the bill, and who said, with truth, that the honor of receiving you in her house, was the only reward she desired."

"Great gods," cried Delille, "how can I express what I feel, when so many persons unite to amuse an old man! In France alone, such a delightful deception can be used. My brethren, my friends, ladies; you, whose presence exerts so happy an influence over me, may you feel half the pleasure I experience at this moment! Oh? when I shall have ceased to exist, each of you may confidently say, we have prolonged the blind poet's career; it was in the midst of us, that Delille passed the happiest day of his life."

#### Napoleon's Tomb at St. Helena.

Napoleon Bonaparte, "a name at which the world grew pale," who from an humble situation in life created a mighty empire, and placed himself at its head, was born at Ajaccio, in the Island of Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769, the same year that gave birth to that great Captain, the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon was educated at the military school of Brienne, in France. At an early age he entered into the Republican service, and greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon, at the time it was in possession of the English. Though at this time very young, he felt that

"energy divine of great ambition,  
That can inform the souls of beardless boys,  
And ripen 'em to men, in spite of nature."

A few years sufficed to place him at the head of the French republic. In 1804 he was raised to the throne under the title of Emperor of the French, and crowned by the Pope. The whole continent of Europe soon owned his power: three of his brothers and a brother-in-law, with one of his Generals, were placed on the thrones of Spain, Holland, Naples, Sweden, and Westphalia, which was raised into a kingdom: the Electors of Bavaria and Wurtemberg were created Kings; the Emperor of Germany was compelled to relinquish the title, and accept that of Emperor of Austria; and the King of Prussia, whose capital was several times in possession of Napoleon, retained his title but as a feudal tenure. Such was at one time the power of Napoleon, until tempting fortune too far, he suffered reverse, and after the battle of Waterloo, threw himself on the generosity of the British nation—a generosity which consigned him to the Island of St. Helena. From this captivity the hand of death released him on the 5th of May, 1821, after an illness of six weeks. He gave directions about his affairs and papers until five or six hours before he died. One trait of character displayed itself in his last moments, which marks the

"Ruling passion, strong in death."

As he found his end approach, he was habited, at his own request, in his uniform of a field marshal, with boots and spurs, and placed on a camp-bed, on which he was accustomed to sleep when in health, and preferred to every other. In this dress he expired. Though Bonaparte is supposed to have suffered much, his dissolution was so calm and serene, that not a sigh escaped him, or any intimation to the by-standers that it was so near. His attendants wished his body to be conveyed to Europe; but on opening the will, it was found that he had left a request that it should be interred in the island, and pointed out the spot where he wished his remains to rest, in a beautiful valley, under the pendant branches of the combined shade of several flourishing weeping willows, near his favorite spring, and not far distant from the place of his residence. The grave was ten feet long, ten deep, and five wide; the bottom is a solid rock; the sides and ends are walled in with Portland stone; the top of the grave is ele-

vated about eight inches above the surface of the ground, and covered over with three rough slate stones which had been taken from the kitchen floor of the new house, that had been constructed for his residence. The tomb was railed round with green railing, and a sentinel walked round it night and day, to prevent approach within the railing. There was no inscription upon the tomb. The ground surrounding it, it was understood, was to be laid out as gardens, for the accommodation of those who came to visit the grave of the departed Emperor.

The cemetery of Napoleon is a singular instance of adaptation to the character of the individual buried—a vast rock rising out of the ocean, alone, towering, unshaken and magnificent; a perfect emblem of the genius of the man, as it must appear in future history. When the feminine apprehension of the magic of his name, or hatred to his ashes, that consigned them to such a grave, instead of bringing them to Europe, has subsided, and his virtues and vices are duly weighed, unwarped by modern prejudices, his name, connected with his gigantic exploits, will still more resemble the rock of St. Helena, rising "majestic 'mid the solitude of time."

#### American Poetry.—No. 2.

##### Original.

From the commencement of the Revolution to the beginning of the present century, poetry was cultivated in this country with considerable success. It was during this period that Barlow published the *Columbiad*, and Trumbull immortalized himself in *M'Fingal*. Critics have treated the first mentioned work with much severity. The last has acquired a degree of notoriety which renders comment unnecessary.

The *Columbiad* was undoubtedly a rash attempt. The history of America embraced too short a period, to furnish a theme for an epic poem. The events of the Revolution were yet fresh in the memory of every one, and the din of battle and swell of martial music were just hushed on our shores. The time may come, when America shall have its Homer, and a Washington, a Franklin, a Hancock and a Lafayette, shall be made the subject of epic song. But it cannot be till centuries have past, and the last soldier or the Revolution has ceased

"to fight his battles o'er again,"

and the mist of age has gathered around the free institutions of the country.

America has few literary characters, to use the word as it is used in England. She has few talented men who devote their lives to literature, and are dependent upon their literary achievements for their bread. The poets almost invariably are engaged in the active pursuits of business. Some of them gain a livelihood at the bar—some in the pulpit, some in the counting room, and some of them invoke the muse at the plough. They cultivate the muse in too many instances as a source of transitory amusement, without any regard to emolument, and uncheered by

any ardent hopes of literary fame. They cultivate it—because song is the natural effect of a political temperament, and proceeds from it, as the stream flows from the fountain, because nature ordains it.

Hence the writings of American Poets must be considered as the first buddings of poetical genius; as the mere evidence of poetical temperament; unencouraged, uncultivated and often destined

— "to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Among those Americans, who have written enough to evince a poetical genius, and too little to gain an extended reputation, WILLIAM CLIFTON, a native of Philadelphia deserves notice. It was his fate to die young, and the few fragments of poetry which he has left behind him, were written during a life of lingering disease. The following extract from an address to FANCY, is a specimen of his style:

At night while stretch'd on lowly bed  
When tyrant tempest shakes my shed,  
And pipes aloud; how blest am I,  
All cheering nymph, if thou art by,  
If thou art by to snatch my soul  
Where billows rage and thunders roll.  
From cloud, o'er peering mountain's brow  
We'll mark the mighty coil below,  
While round us innocently play  
The lightning's flash and meteor's ray:  
And, all so sad, some spectre form  
Is heard to mourn amid the storm.  
With thee to guide my steps I'll creep  
In some old haunted nook to sleep,  
Lull'd by the dreary night-bird's scream,  
That flits along the wizzard stream,  
And there, till morning 'gins appear,  
The tales of troubled spirits hear.

Among the early poets of this country, few were possessed of more vivid genius or purer taste than JOHN BLAIR LINN, who was also a native of Pennsylvania. He possessed all the elements of poetical excellence, and in a brief course, which ended before he had attained his thirtieth year, exhibited much of that vacillation of purpose and eccentricity of character which is supposed to be the grand attendant upon poetical talent. He was a dramatic writer, a lawyer, and at last a clergyman. "When in the pulpit," says a late writer, "his lips were touched as with a coal from the altar of the Most High. Age bent with reverence at the truths which came sweetened by his eloquence, and beauty breathed new aspirations for immortality at his pictures of the happiness of the *just made perfect*." He wrote a poem on the POWERS OF GENIUS, which has some passages of very considerable merit. A short extract may enable the reader to form some idea of the character of his poetical compositions. The one which follows, presents a well drawn contrast of civilized and uncivilized life:

"Unhappy man! a wretched wigwam's shed  
Is his poor shelter, some dry skins his bed,  
Sometimes alone upon the woodless height  
He strikes his fire and spends his watchful  
night,  
His dog with howling bays the moon's red beam  
And starts the wild deer in his nightly dream.

Poor savage man! for him no yellow grain  
Waves its bright billows o'er the fruitful plain,  
For him, no harvest yields its full supply  
When winter hurls his tempests thro' the sky,  
He knows no joys but those which spring from  
strife;

Unknown to him the charms of social life.  
Rage, malice, envy all his thoughts control,  
And every dreadful passion burns his soul,  
Should culture meliorate his darksome home  
And cheer those wilds where he is wont to  
roam,

Beneath the hatchet should his forests fall  
And the mild labor warble through his hall.  
Should fields of tillage yield their rich increase,  
And through his wastes walk forth the arts  
of peace,

His sullen soul would feel a genial glow,  
Joy would break in upon the night of woe,  
Knowledge would spread her mild reviving  
ray  
And on his wigwam rise the dawn of day.

Linn was, like other poets of his day, an admirer of Ossian, and a redundancy of metaphor in his own writings is the consequence. Still so beautiful are the images and pictures of fancy that come "thronging at his call," that there seems to be more justice in ascribing them to the overflowings of a rich imagination, than to servile imitation. If Linn has borrowed any of his flowers from the periods of Ossian, they glow with new beauty and breathe new fragrance under the operation of his own genius. R.

#### The Pilgrims.

By J. H. Le Roy, Esq.

##### Original.

A night of darkness hung  
Upon the minds of men,  
And heavy clouds were flung  
Before the Christian's ken.

Friendship's ties were broke  
In that gloomy hour,  
And Love bewailed the stroke,  
That fell with blighting power.

The husband lit the brand  
That fired his consort's pile;  
The parent fixed the band  
On the unbelieving child.

From hall and hamlet sprung  
Sounds that bade not rejoice,  
And height and valley rung  
With persecution's voice.

Up rose in silence then  
A few scanned worshippers,  
Girding their hearts, like men,  
For strifes and trial-fears.

The charities that spring  
Around the household hearth,  
The loves that home doth bring,  
Were crushed upon the earth.

With lofty brow that told  
Of mastered agony,  
The beautiful and bold  
Stepped on the stormy sea.

No fiery pillar gleamed  
Before them as they sped.  
No flame but that which streamed  
From the Martyr's glowing bed.

They went not forth the care  
Of Monarchs and of kings—  
But ISRAEL'S GOD was there  
To guide their wanderings.



Stern Winter was abroad  
With whirlwind and with frost,  
And the ocean-waters roared  
Upon an icy coast.

Bleak hills upon them frowned  
And gazed the barren dells,  
And famine hedged them round  
With her ghastly sentinels.

Yet did they not turn back  
Nor falter in their way,  
For clouds behind hung black,  
Before, the dawning day.

But here they reared the fane  
Where light is Freedom's light,  
That beams across the main,  
A sun on Europe's night.

Now rises peaceful prayer  
Where erst the savage yell  
Rung on the midnight air—  
The white man's dying knell.  
Concord, 12th mo. 1834.

### The Monthly Rose.

#### Original.

Alike amid the wintry snows,  
And 'mid the summers ardent heat,  
Uninjured, blows the monthly rose,  
And flourishes as fair as sweet.

When lovely, every flow'ret blooms,  
And with its fragrance fills the air;  
The sweetest midst the sweet perfumes,  
The monthly rose shall blossom there.

When every stem and tree is bare,  
And withered fragments strew the ground;  
The monthly rose, with proper care,  
Then fairest, loveliest, shall be found.

'Tis thus, religion in the heart,  
Through every varying scene of life,  
If truly sought, will aid impart,  
Add to our joy and calm our strife.

When fortune smiles, and every dream  
Of pleasure seems fulfilled;  
It adds of joy a brighter gleam,  
Our happiness to gild.

When youth and health and strength are gone,  
And earthly prospects fade away;  
It is religion then alone  
Can "turn our darkness into day."

DELTA.

Anne Boleyn.

This unfortunate victim of the jealousy and fickleness of her husband, Henry VIII. being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying that she had no fear of death. All that the divine who assisted at her execution could obtain from her was, that she would shut her eyes. But as she was opening them every moment, the executioner could not bear their tender and mild glances; fearful of missing his aim, he was obliged to invent an expedient to behold the queen. He drew off his shoes, and approached her silently; while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, who made a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drawing the attention of Anne, she turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled by this artifice to strike the fatal blow, without being disarmed by that spirit of affecting resignation which shone in the eyes of the lovely sufferer.

'The common executioner,  
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
But first begs pardon.'

### Hints with a New-Year's Gift of a Minutature.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

#### Original.

I come—I come—with the new-born year,  
With the changeless wish of affection dear,  
And the smile that beam'd when thy step was nigh;  
Thou wilt wonder, perchance, that the speaking eye  
And the glowing lip should be mute to thee,—  
When shall the hour of our meeting be?

Cherish me kindly, for in my breast  
Is a love that can charm thy woes to rest,—  
That will sleepless watch o'er thy hour of pain,  
And exult when thy brow is serene again,—  
Earth hath too narrow a limit given  
For its perfect growth; may it bloom in Heaven!

### THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Concord, Friday Jan. 2, 1835.

THE NEW YEAR. In accordance with the custom of the times, we offer our most cordial salutations to the patrons of the Gazette on the recurrence of the new year, and in all the sincerity of our hearts wish them many, very many happy and joyous returns of the same season. We had hoped to have presented them with a poetical address adapted to the occasion, but as we seldom perpetrate any thing of the kind ourselves, and our correspondents have not favored us with one, our readers will be obliged to forego the pleasure they might have derived from it. We will only add that we commence the year, upon which we have just entered, with a renewed determination to do all in our power to render our paper both useful and interesting; and we would respectfully request those of our friends, who feel disposed, to aid us in doing so, by contributions for our pages or by extending our subscription list.

WILLIAM PINKNEY. On our first page will be found an original sketch of the life of this great man, accompanied by an excellent wood engraving executed for the Literary Gazette; and we hope that the expense to which we have been put in procuring it, will be fully appreciated by our readers. It is from an excellent likeness of that distinguished individual, and may be considered a very favorable specimen of Xylographic art, till lately unknown in this country. It is still more to be admired as the work of a young man, Mr. HENRY B. BROWN, of Charlestown Mass. still in the sixteenth year of his age. Such a specimen of early talent may well promise future perfection in this beautiful branch of the engraver's art.

We this week have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a beautiful poetical gem from the pen of Mrs. SIGOURNEY; which, with the generosity so characteristic of her disposition, she has furnished to enliven our columns. We shall, ere long, give something farther from the same gifted pen.

"TALES AND ESSAYS FOR CHILDREN. By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. Hartford, F. G. Huntington, 1835." pp. 138, 16 mo.

This beautiful little book we have perused with high gratification. It seems to have been designed by the author, as every thing placed in the hands of chil-

dren should be designed, not merely to impart knowledge, but to form their tender and pliant minds to correct habits of thought, and to beget and confirm in them just and permanent principles of moral and social conduct. This should be the great end of all instruction in early life, and to its complete and successful accomplishment, the writings of few have contributed more than those of the gifted lady to whom we are indebted for this volume. We cheerfully and earnestly recommend this and all her other productions—for we believe she has written nothing which may not be safely and profitably read and studied by their offspring—to the attention of parents. They will shed a healthful moral influence wherever they come.

While upon this subject we would make one further remark. We are pleased with the language in which these stories are told. It is not that baby-talk, which is too often found in works of the same kind, and which is frequently enough to disgust even children. The thoughts are expressed in suitable words; such as every child should become acquainted with, and will wish to use in after life. We abominate such low and nauseating trash as many of our story-books are filled with. If terms used are not understood, let them be explained. Bring the infant understanding up; not degrade the ideas intended to be communicated to it.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE. We mentioned, in a former number, the present prosperous condition of this valuable Institution—the whole number of students, including those of the Medical classes, being 278. A class of about 50 will receive the honors of College at the next commencement, the exercises of which, together with those before the societies, will probably render the occasion one of unusual interest. In regard to one of the societies, Farmer's Register says:—

"The ancient and very respectable literary institution of the PHI BETA KAPPA, was first founded at the University of Oxford in England, from thence a charter was granted to William and Mary College in Virginia. From the latter Institution, where the society is now extinct, a charter was granted to Harvard University; from thence to Yale College, and by those two to Dartmouth College, and probably by all these united, to other Colleges. The branches are distinguished by the names of the Alpha of Massachusetts, Alpha of Connecticut, and Alpha of New Hampshire, &c. No charter can be granted without the unanimous approbation of all the branches."

We understand that at the last annual meeting of the New Hampshire Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Professor CHARLES D. CLEVELAND, of Philadelphia, was unanimously selected to deliver the next Oration.

NEWSPAPERS. Judging from the number of periodicals in existence within our borders, there would seem to be no possibility of the people lacking information. We have now in the State we believe upwards of thirty periodicals in the whole, issuing at different intervals, from three times a week, to once a month. Of these eleven are published in Concord; seven weekly, three semi-monthly, and one monthly.

TYPOGRAPHICAL FESTIVAL. A public supper will be served up at the American Hotel on Saturday evening, January 17, in commemoration of the birthday of the illustrious Franklin.

# TO YOU, DEAR MAID, I GIVE MY HEART.

SUNG BY MR. E. SHEPPARD—COMPOSED BY JAMES LAMBLEY—PUBLISHED BY FIRTH & HALL.

**CON ANIMA.**

To you, dear maid, I give my heart, so fondly, warmly

*pp*

true; And when its ruddy drops depart, 'Twill cease to beat for you: And Rosa, by those looks of love, And

**RAI—LEN—TAN—DO. A tempo.**

by that heaving breast, I feel your tender faith will prove, The guardian of its

rest.

*Sforzato.*

*rf*

Should falsehood e'er profane that shrine,  
Where love enamoured lies,  
And asks no more a lip divine,  
But banquets on your sighs;

I would not sigh, I would not mourn,  
But cold and fix'd disdain,  
Though love's soft bliss might ne'er return,  
Would free my heart from pain.